

sister Laura with the co-operation of the church. What an inestimable amount of good would be accomplished. We have *grand opportunities*, and let us not *forget* that with *every* opportunity comes a *responsibility*. As I ponder over my past life I am made to realize that my sins of *commission* are not nearly so many as my sins of *omission*. The Bible says, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin." Just think how many times we neglect to do good. Oh let us be courageous and do all we can to uplift fallen humanity. Oh the good we all may do while the days are going by.

MRS. M. C. MYERS, Sec.

Home Circle.

A RIDDLE FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

When Johnny woke up Thanksgiving morning the end of his nose felt so cold he thought Jack Frost must have been taking a bite off of it.

"It's good our house has got such thick walls, isn't it, papa?" said Johnny, hugging the covers up around him.

"Here's a Thanksgiving riddle for you, Johnny," said papa, who was standing at the shaving glass, and every now and then blowing his cold fingers; "what is the difference between a house and a home?"

"That's too hard for me to guess," complained Johnny; "can't I have somebody to help me?"

"Yes," said papa, smiling, "if you can't guess it by yourself."

I don't think Johnny tried very hard; he thought Aunt Sue would tell him in a minute. So he hurried into his clothes, and knocked at Aunt Sue's door. Then he ran down to prayers, and the minute everybody got up from their knees he called out—

"I know, papa; a home is a house with somebody living in it."

"That won't do," said papa; "a jail is a big house, and, alas! there are a good many people living in it, but it isn't a home. Try again, Johnny."

But Thanksgiving is such a full day that Johnny hadn't much time to puzzle his brain about the house-and-home riddle. There was the sermon at church, and the big dinner at home, and uncles and aunts and cousins, and music and games and twilight talks, and Thanksgiving day was over.

"Hasn't it been a nice day, papa?" said Johnny at bedtime.

"Yes," said papa, "very; but you haven't guessed my riddle yet, Johnny."

"I am too sleepy now, papa; you'll have to tell me."

"I'll tell you the first half—a house is meant to keep our body warm; now what is a home meant for?"

Mamma whispered something in the little boy's ear, and he cried out—

"A home is to keep our *heart* warm!"

And Johnny always thought he had guessed that riddle!—*Sunbeam*.

GRATITUDE.

EMMA B. GNAGEY.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" How sweet to have a thoughtful, loving child! Does not God feel the ingratitude of his children just as much as the earthly parent feels the sting of his child's ingratitude? We should count our joys, not our woes;—the blessings we have received, not those which we long for. When you sit down to your Thanksgiving dinner this year, will you think of those who ate the first Thanksgiving dinner in this country? From seven log huts, the people gathered together. Five grains of corn was the exact share of each man, woman and child. Yet they were thankful to God. They were grateful for a land where they might worship him as they chose. Did you ever consider this blessing?

There are those people who continually look upon their troubles as though they could be no greater. They cry, "no sorrow like my sorrow." To be sure, he makes a grave mistake who looks upon life in a giddy, thoughtless way. Dark seasons are never pleasant to us, but they are better for us. But he is foolish who would spend his time in brooding over his cares and troubles, making them continually multiply before him. Why not rather count the blessings you are receiving? "Many of our botherations are like muddy water. They would settle themselves if we would only stop stirring them up, and let them alone."

While thanking God for the many blessings he has given you, do not forget to share those blessings with your neighbor. If you wish to be real unhappy, think only of yourself and of your comfort and pleasure. True happiness is won by him who thinks of others and makes them happy. Can you find one into whose life you can put one touch of gladness? By so doing, you shall have worked with God.

A LIFE THAT WITNESSETH.

She was a worn little old lady, bent with suffering, wrinkled with cares. She was very poor, and one might have passed her without any thought, save one of careless pity. And yet she was a faithful witness.

Into a neighboring house one summer came a busy woman, forced by ill health

to rest from the strain of public duties. She found out the little old lady, and went often to the bare, small home.

"She was real good," the poor creature said afterward. "She said things that sounded as if they was out of some lovely book—so kind of comforting. I can't see why she should have said 'em to me, but they'll do me good to think of just as long as I live. Think of heaven being full of such lovely folks, and all of us getting the chance to see and hear 'em."

"You did her good too," said the neighbor; "Miss T—— says she will be a better, braver woman all her life, more grateful for the privilege of living and working in the world, more satisfied with the lot to which she is appointed, because she has known your patient, contented life."

"To think of it," said the little old lady, with tears shining in her faded old eyes. "To think that lovely woman should say I done *her* good! I don't deserve that! No; as happy as it makes me, I don't deserve it."

But it was true. The faithful life cannot be so narrowed or so hidden but it will witness somewhere.—*The Lookout*.

FREDDIE'S GOOD-BY.

He was a dear little fellow who had been in one of the hospitals in New York for several months, being treated by a skillful physician.

When he came to the hospital it was thought that he could not get well; but the doctor did his best, and the faithful nurse did her part, and at last Freddie was well, and was to be allowed to go home.

On the night before he left, he put his arms around the neck of the nurse who had been so good to him, and kissing her on both cheeks, whispered:

"Oh! I tell you, my mamma will never hear the last of you."

I don't think the nurse ever forgot that grateful good-by.—*Pansy*.

THE MOUSE.

Anna Belinda sat quietly thinking,

And Sally Hypatia sat reading a book.

When, out from a corner, with little eyes blinking,

A visitor crept with a wondering look;
And though he was timid in manner, and shrinking,

Yet Anna Belinda cried "Mercy, I pray!"

While Sally Hypatia, not even once winking,
Jumped over the sofa and fainted away.

—Mrs. T. J. Greenleaf, in *Good Housekeeping*.

"Believe that the highest you ever have been you might be all the time, and vastly higher still if only the power of the Christ can occupy you and fill your life all the time."—Phillips Brooks.